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HOW TO MAKE ICED TEA

Infuse six heaping teaspoons of Salada Black Tea in a pint of fresh boiling water. After six minutes strain liquid into two-quart container. While hot, add 1½ cups of granulated sugar and the juice of 2 lemons. Stir well until sugar is dissolved. Fill container with cold water. Do not allow tea to cool before adding the cold water, otherwise liquid will become cloudy. Serve with chopped ice.

"SALADA" 723

ICED TEA

Whither?

Like many other Canadian citizens the writer listened to Hon. MacKenzie King's first radio broadcast a few nights ago, just as he has listened to the radio addresses of Premier Bennett and other political leaders in which their respective party programmes and public issues of the day were discussed. In his address Mr. King gave emphasis to a word—Whither. He, of course, applied it to the political trends of the day and asked the Canadian electorate to give serious thought to "whither" the various policies now being urged upon them for acceptance were leading.

It is not the intention of the writer to follow Mr. King in giving to this word a political application. Party politics are eschewed as subjects for discussion in this column. But as we listened to Mr. King and his use of this word, the thought was forced upon us: Do we as individuals ask ourselves, as we should, whither we are headed in many of the undertakings upon which we embark? Or do we lightly engage in them without sufficient consideration, and without any very clear idea fixed in our minds as to what we hope to achieve?

A sailor as he leaves his home port knows whither he is bound. He is headed for a definite port, and he equips himself with chart and compass to guide him to such port by the most direct route. He knows why he is headed to such particular port. An explorer does not lightly enter into the trackless forest or well-nigh impassible jungle without knowing whither he is bound, and the mining prospector likewise knows whither he is bound and the objective he hopes to achieve.

But how many of us as we pursued our way through public school, and possibly through high school and even college and university had a definitely defined goal before us which it was our ambition and determination to reach? Did we, as we devoted years to study, know whither we were bound, or did we proceed unthinkingly with our school studies with no very fixed idea in mind as to the vocation in life we proposed to follow?

And as we possibly just drifted into some kind of a job, or were apparently forced into some position or occupation seemingly by environment or force of circumstances, did we even then asked ourselves, whither am I going? Is this the kind of work for which I am best fitted? Or am I just allowing myself to drift without any particular effort on my part to direct my life into proper channels? In a word, did we take the trouble to provide ourselves with a chart and compass to guide us to our true destination?

Furthermore, having found our lot cast in a particular field of endeavor, and possibly feeling fairly content therein, did we even then query ourselves—whither? That is, did we merely accept our work as a means of livelihood, and nothing else? Or did we, do we now, regard our work as something more, something finer, than a means of sustenance? Whither are we headed? To render real service to mankind and to our country, to make the world a better and happier place because we are in it, or are we simply content to walk the treadmill of life as we find it?

As citizens do we ever take time to pause and consider whether the community in which we live is headed, whither our churches are taking us, whither our schools and colleges are educating our children? What are the moral trends of the times? Are they in the direction of developing stronger characters than those of bygone generations, or is the reverse true? Is our own little community growing better, or worse; is it being beautified or is it retreating?

Nothing in Nature stands still. If it has life it is moving, either forward or backward. Nature abhors a vacuum. Mankind is the chief of all the works of Nature, and he must progress or slip backward. Each individual, if he or she is wise, will stop and ask—whither am I going? The person tempted to a dishonest or criminal act should pause and consider, whither? What is the end of the road upon which I propose to travel?

And what is true of the individual, is true of the nation. All nations and all peoples may well ask themselves at this time of predictions of war, or warlike preparations in all parts of the world, of unconquering attitudes of nations in international conferences, whither are we drifting? What will be the outcome, the end, of another war? The Great War was a source of loss to the whole world, to the victors as well as to the vanquished, and to those who remained neutral. Each and all suffered. It will be so again. Is that what we want, as nations, as individuals? Is it not time we stopped and gave consideration, the most serious consideration of our lives, to that old English word—whither?

Let the reader apply this word to his own actions, his life activities, his next decision. Try and probe the future a bit; seek to visualize the outcome of any move you are about to make. Do not go blindly and thoughtlessly ahead. Ask yourself in all seriousness—whither?

Relic Of Riel Rebellion

Old Oxyoke Presented To Museum In Regina

On exhibition is an oxyoke made in 1882 by the late George Cross of Incheith, Sask., and later used in the Riel rebellion in 1885.

It is made from oak and some idea of its durability was learned when it was found that for over 40 years it has lain outside in all kinds of weather and is yet in a good state of preservation. It is being presented by Mrs. Cross to the museum at Regina as a souvenir of early days in Saskatchewan.

The stump of a black walnut tree near Smithfield, Va., sold for \$3,800. Black walnut once grew plentifully in the U.S.A. but now is America's most valuable wood, the butt of the trunk being the most precious part.

The First Photograph

Print Just Found Was Taken By Inventor 100 Years Ago

It is just a hundred years ago that W. H. Fox Talbot, the inventor of photography, took his first picture, according to an English paper, which reports that that precious print has been found by his granddaughter, Miss M. T. Talbot, and is to be shown to the Royal Photographic Society when they visit Lacock Abbey, the Talbot home since the days of Henry VII. Miss Talbot spent six hours a day for three months sorting shoals of papers and documents left by her grandfather.

The sun is about 400 times broader than the moon and about 400 times farther away, so that the perspective of distance makes it look about the same size.

Slow-Motion Camera

Photographs Lightning

Same Electricity In Bolt As In Ordinary Light Bulb

Slow motion cameras have been used by science editors of The Country Home, New York, to measure thunderbolts and estimate just how much electricity is released in a flash of lightning.

Considering all the noise a thunderstorm can make, it is a little disconcerting to discover that the average thundercloud has a store of only just about as much electricity as flows through an ordinary electric light bulb in a minute. It generates this much electricity in five minutes, maintains it at this value for a longer or shorter period, and then lets it fly as a lightning flash at a pressure of about five billion volts, enough to blow a man down, or a horse, or even a small house. The pressure makes the discharge both spectacular and dangerous, and the thundercloud machine is continuously generating electricity at this pressure, a single cloud often developing three million kilowatts of power.

Photographs indicate that when a cloud is ready to hurl a thunderbolt it first oozes out a tiny tongue of flame. This stretches earthward about 50 yards from the cloud. It pauses and then wades out for a 10,000th of a second. It then reappears and stretches another 50 yards. This process continues until the ground is reached. Branch tongues often spring out from it. The instant the leading tongue lashes the earth, the main part of the stroke begins. A brilliant flame sweeps upward from the ground toward the cloud, retracing the path literally blazed by the leader. This second stroke is much quicker lasting but 50 millionths of a second.

Toast King In Silence

Irish Freemasons Find It Best Way To Avoid Trouble

Irish Freemasons have adopted the suggestion of Patrick Rutledge, minister of justice, that "God Save the King" should not be sung at future dinners.

During a dinner of the Cork lodge a band of men rushed into the lodge, overturned the tables and fired revolver shots, using blank cartridges. It was believed that this outrage was committed because the guests exhibited too much fervor in singing "God Save the King."

Following this episode, Rutledge offered to provide protection for Masonic lodges on the occasion of annual dinners but he was assured this was not considered necessary. He then suggested that "God Save the King" could be omitted in future.

The suggestion was adopted and Masons will continue to toast His Majesty. The toast will be in silence, however, so that extremists can scarcely find grounds for breaches of the peace on its account.

A New Burglar Trap

Calgary Man Has Invented Gadget To Protect Banks

A burglar trap designed for use in banks has been invented by Adolf Johnson, of Calgary.

In his home he has built a working model of his invention. When a small button is stepped on, steel plates slip quickly into place over windows and revolving door sets blocking escape of robbers.

Johnson patented the contrivance in 1922 and has been working on it ever since with a view to adding new features. Among other inventions he has developed are semaphore signals for street intersections, a parachute plane without either landing gear or wings and a number of automatic gates.

Ban Was Strict

The word "tabu" is an Hawaiian contribution to the list of American folk words, says a bulletin from the Pan-Pacific Press Bureau. Ancient Polynesians had many tabus, among which were those forbidding women to eat in the presence of men, or in the same house, or even to cook their food under the same roof.

Tiny Electric Motor

The world's smallest electric motor weighs just 1.3 grams—and can be balanced on one finger-tip. It was built by a 15-year-old student in a technical school at Moscow. Now he's working on a saw to fit it, which will cut up matches.

Oaks are more likely to be struck by lightning than any other tree, declares a London expert, who has reported that since 1932 not a birch, beech, holly or horn chestnut in England has been struck. 2110

Touring Continent In 'Plane

Editor And Engineer See North America From Clouds

Blazing a trail from the west to the east coast of Canada, in the course of their tour of the north American continent, Albert P. Reck, news editor of the Salt Lake City Desert News, and Mahlon B. Kemmer, graduate mining engineer of Princeton University, brought their big Fairchild 71 type monoplane to rest at the Halifax airport recently. Although referring to themselves as "amateur aviators" the pair have experienced all the thrills of the toughest of the northland's bad weather pilots and have come through it with a whole ship and in excellent spirits.

Bucking bad weather almost since their takeoff at Salt Lake City, the pair pushed on whenever the breaks presented themselves and when they brought their ship to earth at Halifax port had left 4,600 miles of the estimated 11,000 mile continent gridding trip behind them. A faulty welding job on the landing gear of the Waco cabin ship in which they started their tour, was the first handicap hurled by the fliers. At Pendleton, Ore., the accident happened and, fearing that repairs would necessitate too long a stay, they secured the big Fairchild, which so far has proved itself the ideal craft for the job, they stated.

The big monoplane, which is the same type as that flown from the Eastern Passage station of the R.C.A.P., has been christened by her owner the Gray Ghost, apparently from the gray dope that colors her fuselage and wings. The ship, the fliers say, had a history of her own before falling into their possession. She is equipped with a Pratt and Whitney Wasp motor and has a fuel capacity of 2,000 pounds and cruises at 110 miles per hour.

Had Remarkable Career

Woman Who Sculptures Horses Has Never Taken Lesson

A remarkable exhibition of sculptured horses was shown recently at Londonderry House in London. There, hundreds of them in plaster, each about a foot high, expressed every possible attitude of the horse in action. They were the work of Madame Vera Lombardi, sister of Capt. Lombardi and wife of an Italian cavalry officer.

An interviewer found her covered with plaster when her horses. They had come from Rome, and she had forgotten to mark the boxes "fragile." She mended legs while she talked, and these are some of the surprising facts about her:

Until a year or so ago she had never dreamed of being an artist. She was a business woman and still spends eight hours a day in an office. She has never had an art lesson in her life, and knows nothing about anatomy. Her studio is her bed, where she works until she falls asleep.

Mme. Lombardi was "discovered" 18 months ago by the great Spanish painter, Zuloaga. She has had a remarkable career. She nursed at base hospitals throughout the war, being in charge of the operating room for two years.

After the war she became manager for Chanel, the famous Paris dress-maker, and has taken Chanel collections all over the world. She started a sports department, which built up Chanel's workrooms from 200 hands to 2,400.

Record Played Wedding Peal

Church Bells Were Too Mournful In Opinion Of Groom

The church bells at Woodley, near Reading, England, are too mournful for a wedding, a resident declared having listened to them for some time. And so, when it came his turn to be married, he decided not to have them rung. But what is a wedding without bells? To make up for the silent church peals he had a gramophone record of a joyous wedding peal played as he and his bride left the church. And all went merrily as a wedding bell—in canned music style.

Have some aim in life; be not simply good, be good for something.

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By Ellen Worth

It's the new shirtwaist dress with demurely feminine air, the type that may be worn by women of all ages. Inverted plaits at the front of the skirt, give room for a comfortable stride. The pointed yoke at the back, has a charming tendency.

Necktie printed silk made the model pictured. Wear it for town or for resort.

Checked silk gingham in maize and white, with short sleeves as in back view, is dashing for sports.

Style No. 321 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Patterns 15c each. Address mail orders to: Pattern Department, Winnipeg Newspaper Union, 175 McDermot Ave. E., Winnipeg.

Summer Fashion Book contains many more smart, cool vacation clothes. Send for your copy to-day, the price is 15c cents.

Crowds Worship Sign

Crowds of superstitious persons have each night been worshipping before a mysterious red glow in the window of a school in the French concession at Shanghai. They believed it to be the appearance of a certain Chinese deity. Then the red glow was found to be merely the reflections of an illuminated sign over a theatre across the street.

For Economy's Sake

Breakfast in bed may be only for wealthy Occidentals, but in Japan it is an economy measure, reports Miss Frances B. Clapp, Congregational missionary, just back from Kyoto, Japan. Fuel shortages makes it cost about 50 cents to build a fire, so many Japanese eat breakfast in bed to keep warm, said Miss Clapp.

Antonio Stradivari, famous violin maker, died almost 200 years ago, but the quality of the varnish used on his violins has never been equalled.

Living Up To Reputation

China's Unconquerable River Noted For Its Disastrous Floods

If the Huang Ho, the Great Yellow River, the most northerly of China's mighty waterways, is seeking to return to the bed it deserted eighty years ago, it is doing no more than live up to its reputation as a sinister stream. It is "China's Sorrow," "The Unconquerable," "The Scourge of the Sons of Han." The course it deserted has been built up into a thickly populated agricultural region; if the river re-establishes itself therein, the people will lose everything.

Too swift and too shallow to be of capital importance to commerce, it is notable mainly for its disastrous floods. Farmers cultivating the plain through which it now flows have sought to confine the river within dykes; in the flood season a channel too narrow is overflowed. The silt once deposited over a wide area by the river is now deposited on the river bed so that at low water the surface of the stream is fifteen feet above that of the plain and thirty feet at normal high water. It has been proposed to straighten the river bed and thus get the benefit of the scour. But the Huang Ho may persist in having its own way in the future as it has in the past.—New York Sun.

Becomes Separate Grade

Recompense For Garnet Wheat Holders If Loss Results

Effective Aug. 1, Garnet wheat will be marketed as a separate grade, E. B. Ramsay, chairman of the board of grain commissioners, announced. Its price, he said, will be determined by ordinary market conditions.

The wheat will be marketed through existing channels, stated Mr. Ramsay. He looked upon the change as a routine matter, which should produce no undue difficulties.

At the last session of parliament, \$1,500,000 was voted to recompense Garnet wheat holders while the new method of marketing was being evolved, if any loss resulted. Previously, Garnet wheat had been graded with No. 2 Northern.

The new grade will be separated into two varieties, No. 1 Garnet and No. 2 Garnet. Any Garnet wheat not good enough to be graded No. 2, will be put into No. 3 Northern or lower grades. The price of the new grade will be fixed in the open market, similar to the present method in force in other grades.

Piron, the French author, was arrested and arraigned by a belittling magistrate. "You're a poet, eh?" the judge sneered. "I have a brother who is a poet."

"Then our families are even," Piron retorted, "for I have a brother who is a fool."

In Turkistan a form of grass has been discovered that when uprooted by storms it falls downward and replants itself.

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MISS ALADDIN

—By—
Christine Whiting Parmenter

Author of
"One Wide River To Cross"
"The Unknown Port," Etc.

SYNOPSIS

Nancy Nelson is a cut-deb, a gray, irresponsible girl of nineteen, with no care beyond the choice of her costume for her coming-out party. Suddenly, in the market crash, her indulgent father loses all he had, and his family is faced with the necessity of a simpler method of living. At this juncture a letter is received from an eccentric relative in Colorado, who offers the girl a home on what seems to be impossible conditions.

After much consideration Cousin Columbine's offer is accepted, and Nancy and Jack arrive at Pine Ridge. They are met at the railway station by Columbine Nelson, who in turn introduces Mark and Matthew Adams, two neighbors of Aunt Columbine, and the party set out for Pine Ridge, which village causes dismay to both Nancy and Jack because of its dilapidated appearance and general look of poverty. Nancy and Jack are shown to the rooms they are to occupy, and both the young people consider the furniture and decorations hateful and, contrasting the present quarters with their luxurious home in Boston, wonder if they can endure the change for any length of time. Aunt Columbine tells why she wrote the letter to them, and relates some of her early experiences at Pine Ridge of hostile Indians and forest fires, of her father's hunt for gold and of her mother's splendid spirit, but frail body, which could not endure the strain of pioneer life.

Nancy set out one afternoon to climb to the top of a hill so as to obtain a view of the surrounding landscape and miss the path Aurora Tubbs had told her to follow. A truck comes along the road, driven by Matthew Adams, and she is told the way to go. They ascend the hill, look around, and then go on to Cousin Columbine's. There Mark Adam tells Nancy that Jack and Luke has broken his leg, and that Jack Nelson has been hired to help out while Luke's leg gets better.

No Go On With The Story

CHAPTER XI.

It was after Mark Adam had continued on his way, fortified by a substantial dinner and armed with a pumpkin pie and Aurora's "compliments" for Jack, that Nancy carried a glass of warm milk into Cousin Columbine's bedroom, and asked if there were anything she could do for the invalid.

"You can sit down and let me look at you," responded the old lady. "I've got the upper hand of this cold already, and am staying here only because I believe in 'safety first.' Every hour wasted by sickness makes me impatient. There's so much to do in this wonderful world, and when you're over seventy there's such a little time to do it in. Aurora tells me Jack's getting on all right—that I expected anything else. He's got the Nelson grit, and there's no chance that he'll be imposed on at the Adam ranch. Eve would see to that even if John Adam wasn't the kindest soul alive. Some thought they were too easy youngers when the boys were youngsters, but—look at the four of 'em!"

"Well, you'll see them all in good time, unless you get desperate and

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run away from me. I love Pine Ridge even in a blizzard; but I can see how it looks like the end of nowhere to a girl brought up as you've been. I was glad Mark Adam happened in at dinner time to keep you company. How Aurora Tubbs been talking you to death?"

Nancy laughed.

"Not quite. I let her rattle on and killed time listening."

"Killed time!" echoed Cousin Columbine. "Don't ever use that phrase again, child. Life's too short at the best, and even a day like this there are things to do. Everything's made too easy for people now-a-days. That's half the trouble with 'em. I was younger than you, my dear, when Father took me to Leadville. More than fifty years ago, yet I can shut my eyes and it seems like yesterday."

"Was it much of a place at that time?" questioned Nancy as Cousin Columbine sipped her milk.

"Much of a place! I wish I could make you see it. An entire forest had come down. The snake room for the town, Nancy, and new-hatched stumps of spruces were still standing in the streets—if they could be called streets. The houses were nothing but shanties or hastily made log cabins. Our own was of logs with a stove pipe for a chimney. The family next to use old flower pots for the purpose. Some of the shacks had only canvas for roofs, and others—if you'll believe me!—no roofs at all. There were even shanties half buried in the earth, while some set up on posts. Folks were living in tents and wigwags, too—and now we shiver at a cold entry! Yes, life's too soft."

Nancy laughed as she hitched her chair nearer to the stove, and questioned: "Were there any shops, or did you get provisions from a distance?"

"There were stores of a sort, even at that time. I clearly remember the street where business was carried on. There were always groups of excited miners, with eager, sometimes desperate faces, standing in the middle of it, arguing and gestulating—men of all sorts and kinds, my dear. The good and the vicious with one thing in common: the lure of silver. Gambling houses were open all night, and so were theatres."

"Theatres?" gasped Nancy. "In a place like that?"

Cousin Columbine nodded.

"Not at the very first, of course; but less than a year after the boom started, saw mills got to work, and dwelling places grew more plentiful. Banks, and business blocks, and dance halls sprang up almost overnight; other places, too, which the town would have been happier without: saloons and gambling houses where many a hard-won fortune was thrown away."

"It doesn't sound like a very restful spot!" smiled Nancy.

Columbine Nelson laid down her empty glass and pulled the blankets a bit higher.

"A mining town in boom time," she asserted, "is about as restful as a hornet's nest that has been disturbed. Along in the early nineties when there was a stampede to San Juan county and the town of Creede was founded, I saw two lines in a newspaper that I never forgot:

"It was day all day in the daytime, and there was no night in Creede."

"And it was the same at Leadville. Bedlam broke loose after the men stopped work, and it was almost impossible to sleep till daylight."

"Was that the last of the gold and silver rushes, Cousin Columbine?"

"Creede came later than Leadville, as I said; then Cripple Creek, not to mention the Permperton hoax, my dear. Some day I'll tell you about that, but I mustn't bore you with too many tales at once. We grow garulous as we grow old, I fear; and it's years since I've talked over those times with any one."

"But I'm not bored," Nancy assured her. "You'll have to tell this all over again when Jack is here. I wouldn't have him miss it for the world. Do you suppose we could see one of those mining towns some day?"

"No reason in the world why you can't. Come spring we'll make an excursion to Cripple Creek. Even now it will give you an idea of how a mining town is built; and no doubt Mark Adam would jump at the chance to drive us over. Did he say how Luke was getting on?"

"He'll be home soon on crutches. Does Luke look like his brothers, Cousin Columbine?"

"Not in the least. He's the odd member of the family and resembles no one. Luke was a timid little boy and not quite so husky as the others. He's taking a year off before entering college."

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SASKASAL

"Aurora says he's his mother's favorite."

"Stunt and nonsense! If she felt any favoritism Eve Adam has too much sense to show it; but Luke's affectionate, and not ashamed to let folks find it out. I've thought at times that Eve had a leaning toward Matthew; but if that's true it's only because he's so shy she wants to protect him."

"How old is John?"

"Sixteen. Living with friends at the Springs and going to high school. He's headed for college in the East. He and Mark are as alike as two peas in looks; but John's more quiet and studious like his father. Mark's the liveliest member of the family, but Eve has a right to be proud of him even if he has only a high school diploma in place of Matt's A.B. He still hopes to study forestry when his father can spare him. Put a stick of wood in that stove, Nancy, and then I'll try to get a nap."

As Nancy obeyed she glanced at the bedside table on which lay a copy of the Atlantic Monthly—almost a year old. This reminded her of Pine Ridge's lack of reading matter, and she asked: "How does it happen that there's no library here, Cousin Columbine?"

"It's a pretty small place, but doesn't anybody like to read?"

It was moment before the old lady responded; then she said: "I suppose most of the folks 'round here are—well, they haven't a great deal of education, and no background whatever. The Adams, and Theodore Taylor, our postmaster, are the exceptions. The truth is, Nancy, any youngsters with ambition usually leave town, which is not to the advantage of Pine Ridge as a community. Then too, every one has work to do, and reading's regarded as a luxury. That's wrong, of course; but being a pioneer I can understand it."

"But they have time to loaf around the store" observed Nancy shrewdly. "And if they could get good books just by going to a library, perhaps they'd stop buying those awful magazines junkies feed on."

"Maybe they would," admitted Cousin Columbine, "but public libraries don't grow on bushes; and in a place like this there's no Aladdin to rub his wonderful lamp and wish for one!"

Nancy laughed as she went out, leaving Cousin Columbine to her nap. Aladdin! What would she do to Pine Ridge if she possessed his lamp? This idea, and the inspiration which was born of it an hour later, so absorbed the girl that any necessity for "killing time" was quite forgotten.

"What you been doin' this long afternoon?" questioned Aurora, who her head into the tower room without ceremony. "Supper's been ready for ten minutes; but everything's so still 'round here I thought maybe you was sound asleep."

Nancy glanced up from the lengthy and momentous letter she was writing to her Aunt Louise.

"You're right, Aurora. I think I've been asleep most of my life, but I'm waking up. Thank goodness! Did you ever hear about Aladdin and his wonderful lamp?"

CHAPTER XII.

Nancy's letter to her Aunt Louise arrived on a Saturday, and she carried it out to Edgemore to read aloud. The young people had been gone more than a month, and as the strangeness of their absence wore away, life was settling down into its new routine, and Phil declared he never wanted to go back to the city.

There were times when his mother agreed with him. Despite financial worry, Margaret Nelson was conscious of a sense of restfulness which had been lost to her during the last few years. Fond as she was of her husband's sister, Louise's almost daily comments on the children often annoyed her; but now the week-end visit was something to look forward to. To-day she arrived on the train with her brother, and said before she had taken off her hat:

"I've a letter from Nancy. It's rather surprising on the whole. Shall I read it now?"

"Let's wait till I get supper on the table," suggested Margaret, with a glance at her husband's tired face.

"Phil says he's famished, and no wonder! He's dug out every path since four o'clock. I don't know what I'd do without that boy, here in the country. He's a real worker."

"And in town there were no chores

to occupy him," observed his aunt. "This move has been a splendid thing for Phil, Margaret. He looks and acts like a different boy. And I'm not sure but that the visit to Colorado has done something for Nancy, even if I did oppose it. Just wait till I drop my things and I'll help with those. Those beans smell the way Boston baked beans ought to smell! I'll be down in a moment."

Watching his sister run lightly up the stairs, James Nelson wondered if the change in environment hadn't benefited her as well as Phil. Possibly Louise appreciated this taste of family life the better, because of her absence during the week. As she disappeared, he bent to kiss his wife for the second time since his arrival. It was, Margaret comprehended, an effort on his part to make up for the lack of cheering news, and tactfully refrained from asking how the day had gone.

"This is wonderful brown bread," declared Louise when they assembled at supper. "In our days of affluence, Margaret, I'd completely forgotten that you could cook! I'll take two bites and then read the letter. Have you heard from Colorado yourself to-day?"

"A note from Jack. He says—"

"It was addressed to me," broke in Phil impatiently. "He'd learned to milk; and is riding horseback every day. He says those Adam people are awfully nice, and that Mr. Adam does a lot of cooking because his wife doesn't like to and he does. He hadn't seen Nancy for more than a week, but one of the Adam boys was there to dinner—at Cousin Columbine's, I mean; and there's been a blizzard; and Cousin Columbine and Nancy are going to eat Christmas dinner at the ranch 'cause they can't spare Jack; and Mr. Adam's going to cook the turkey all himself. I wish I could go to Colorado and get a job. Just feel my muscle."

Aunt Louise complied obligingly; and having satisfied her first hunger, opened the letter from Pine Ridge.

"Read it all," said Dad. "We haven't heard for several days."

"No doubt Nancy counted on my bringing this note to-night. It should have reached me sooner. Those storms in the middle west delayed it, and she's in a hurry for an answer too. She says:

(To Be Continued)

New Material For Bombs

Sugar Treated With Liquid Air Makes High Explosive

Sponge cakes and lumps of sugar may serve as bombs in the next war, a gathering of scientists in London was told.

Professor W. B. Tuck of London University demonstrated the deadliness of these sweets before the scientists. He soaked a piece of sponge cake in liquid air which flared up violently when touched with a match.

"Treated with liquid air a piece of cake or a lump of sugar could be used as high explosives," said Professor Tuck.

Prince Visits Guernsey

Franco-British friendship has been invoked by the Prince of Wales when he was welcomed at St. Peter Port, Guernsey, on his arrival aboard the destroyer Faulknor by Lieut.-Gov. E. N. Broadbent. The prince declared himself happy to visit "this beautiful and fertile island both because of its long connection with the British Crown and its role as a connecting link with the great friendly nation on the other side of the English Channel."

For the funeral pyre of a Buddhist priest in Burma recently, an enormous white elephant was made of paper and bamboo, and the coffin raised to the canopied seat on the elephant's back for burning.

Don't make fun of a fool unless you are in the same boat.

Firestone

TIRES FOR EVERY PURSE

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GET THE MOST FOR YOUR MONEY—BUY FIRESTONE—SEE THE NEAREST FIRESTONE DEALER TODAY

Lost Many Times

Great Seal Of England Has Caused Some Uneasy Moments

The custody of the Great Seal, which passed from Lord Sankey to Lord Halsbury, the new lord high chancellor, in the recent changes in the British government, has given some uneasy moments to sundry lord chancellors of the past.

More than once the symbol of authority has been stolen, and on one occasion it was not recovered. James II, when flying from Whitehall, threw the Great Seal into the Thames, whence a fisherman recovered it by chance many weeks later. Once when Lord Brougham was in Scotland the Great Seal was abstracted from his room by playful young ladies who, on beholding his extreme distress, set him to find it, by a game of "hot and cold," in the family tea-caddy.

In 1812, when Lord Eldon's house took fire, Eldon himself rushed out with the Great Seal and buried it in safety in a flower bed. In the excitement he forgot the hiding-place, and after the fire was extinguished the whole family had to set to and dig with sticks in the various beds until it was located.

Explorer Claims Discovery

Polish Count Believes He Has Found King Solomon's Mines

A claim to have discovered Ophir, the mysterious country from which King Solomon procured gold for the temple of Jerusalem, is made by Count Byron de Prokor, the Polish explorer.

He says the Ophir of the Bible was the modern Werka Warika, in the unknown mountains of Western Abyssinia, which means "the valley of gold."

Count de Prokor found that mines which furnished gold for the tombs of the Kings of Egypt thousands of years before Christ are being worked to-day for local native rulers.

It was only with the greatest difficulty, and after the personal intervention of Lord Tyrrell, ex-British Ambassador in Paris, that he obtained permission from the Emperor of Abyssinia to visit Werka Warika, he declared.

Even then he and his party had to travel at night and by secret passes to avoid capture. Near the spot he came on hundreds of slaves seeking gold. Nearby were stone pyramids, said to be tombs of slaves of the time of the Egyptian kings.

"Now tell the jury, lady," instructed the young lawyer, "just where the prisoner was milking the cow."

The young lady, a trifle embarrassed, smiled sweetly and replied, "Why, I think it was just a little back of the centre, sir."

Sweden has advanced to fifth among shipbuilding nations, passing Germany in this respect.

Little Helps For This Week

Who hath despised the day of small things? Zechariah 4:10.

Little things on little wings Bear little souls to heaven.

An occasional effort even of an ordinary holiness may accomplish great acts of sacrifice, or bear severe pressure of unwonted trial. But constant discipline in unnoticed ways, and the spirit's silent unselfishness becoming the hidden habit of life, give to it its sanity beauty, and this is the result of care and lowly love in little things. Perfection is attained more readily by this constancy of religious faithfulness in all minor details of life, consecrating the daily efforts of self-forgetting love.

Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones.

Some Old Bank Notes

Found In Ancient Records And Dated 1770 And 1776

Two samples of paper currency, issued by British Colonies in America, before they became American States, have just come to light at Cincinnati, Ohio. They are a Maryland note for six dollars, entitling the holder to receive "Bills of exchange payable in London with gold or silver, at the rate of four shillings and sixpence for each dollar," dated 1770, and a New Jersey bill, issued in 1776, for twelve shillings. Both bear the warning: "To counterfeit is death." The bills were found in a bundle of old records in the Cincinnati Board of Education Library. How they got there is a mystery, since at the time they were issued Cincinnati was not even a trading station, and few white men had penetrated into that part of the Red Indians' territory.

Use Skyscraper Mast

Tower Being Built In Moscow To Train Parachute Jumpers

Partly for military training, partly for sport, the Soviet Union is building in Moscow a steel tower some 350 feet high, from which parachute jumpers may be trained.

The tower, in pentagonal shape, will have five platforms from which parachute students may jump. To stimulate the experience of making an actual leap from a plane, the platforms will be made in the form of an aeroplane cabin.

An elevator placed in the centre of the tower will carry jumpers to the platforms. The tower also will serve as a beacon for aeroplanes and a mooring mast for dirigibles. Its lights will be visible for 18 miles.

Government scientists compare the earth's vegetation with a human being's skin—remove much of it and dreadful sores result.

Appleford's Para-Sani

ONLY APPLEFORDS OFFER YOU THE CONVENIENCE OF THIS EXCLUSIVE KNIFE EDGE THAT MAKES IT EASY TO TEAR OFF THE EXACT LENGTH REQUIRED.

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Warehouses At Calgary, Edmonton, Regina and Winnipeg

Compare These Values

10 lbs. Sugar, with orders \$1.00
or over **.65c**

\$ \$ SODAS wood box **.35c**

Jelly Powders Empress 5 pkges **.24c**



ROBIN HOOD OATS

Non-Premium pkge **.21c**

Chinaware pkge **.31c**

PEAS, Royal City choice 2 tins **.29c**

SALMON, fancy quality 2 tall tins **.27c**

COFFEE 2 lbs **.43c**

Red Rose Tea spcl per lb. **.48c**

Chinook Trading Co.



Threshers' Licenses Important Notice

All operators of Threshing Rigs and Combines in Alberta are required to be licensed, the fee being \$1.00. Those operating without license are liable to prosecution.

Licenses may be secured through the rural Municipal Secretaries, the District Agriculturists, or by sending fee direct to

Alberta Department of Agriculture

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for cool and satisfying
refreshment

Good beer is a perfect
summer beverage that
quickly supplies new
energy and restores
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FIVE FAMOUS BRANDS
in bottles or on draught
at all good hotels and
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Local News

Robert Gardiner, President of the U. F. A. and Lorne Proudfoot M. L. A., will speak at Cloverleaf School Monday, August 12th, at 8.30 p. m. They will also speak at Youngstown Saturday, August 17th, at 8.30 p. m.

Miss Helen Thompson daughter of Mr. Geo. Thompson, who has been at Camrose attending school, returned last week.

Miss Helen Dawson and friend, of Wildwood are visiting with Miss Lorna Chapman.

Mrs. Jas. McNabb returned from Irricana on Wednesday where she has been visiting for the past three weeks with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Jacobson and Arthur Jacobson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. Walloney, of Youngstown, they were accompanied by Mrs. W. Tyndall and family also Mrs. S. Gustin.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray and daughters, Winnie and Verna, of Huxley, formerly of Chinook, were week end visitors, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Pfeiffer.

Mr. Leonard Bayley, of Brooks, visited Sunday with Mrs. Pfeiffer, and his parents.

E. O. Hocart who has been on a vacation at Calgary and other points in the north country for the past three weeks, returned Sunday morning.

Mr. Chapman and family who have been visiting with relatives at Regina, returned Tuesday.

The Trogan family who motored to Portland, Oregon, where they visited with their parents, returned last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop and daughter, Miss Dunlop, of Calgary, visited last week with Mrs. Dunlop's brother and sister, Mr. and Miss Warren.

Mrs. P. R. Dobson and family, of Calgary, who have been visiting with Mrs. Dobson's parents Mr. and Mrs. F. Otto, returned Monday. Mrs. Otto accompanied them.

Mrs. R. Stewart was taken suddenly ill on Sunday. We are glad to report she is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Young's guests over the week end were: Mr. Wm. Young, Mabel Young and Mrs. McDugall of Killam, Mrs. G. Smith and daughter Jean, Strome, and Mrs. L. Kerby and daughter Patricia, of Hanna.

Vincent Rjepent, teacher in New Bridgen district, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rideout.

Earnes Gilbertson who has been working at Rockyford for some months is spending two weeks at the home of his parents.

Mr. W. Brechin, of Irricana, is visiting at the home of Jas. McNabb.



HINOOK UNITED CHURCH

Rev J. W. Smiley
Pastor



CHINOOK MARKET PRICES

WHEAT
Northern.....\$ 62
OATS
2C. W.....\$ 27.1-2

Car of Black Wood Just

Arrived
M. L. CHAPMAN .. Chinook

The third and last inoculation for diphtheria will be given by Dr. Esler at 2 o'clock on Saturday, Aug. 10th, from 2 to 3 p. m. Any desiring to go must be at Garage at 2 o'clock sharp.

Mr. Langley and family returned last week from Calgary where they spent two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Stewart and daughter Grace, who have at Red Deer, Blackie and other points returned Saturday.

Gordon Marr, the eleven year old son of Mr. Allan Marr had the misfortune on Tuesday to fall off a chicken house, while falling he struck some glass which cut his foot quite badly. Dr. Esler found it necessary to put eight stitches into his foot.

Miss Dorris Marcy after having spent a vacation at Innisfail, Bowden and Calgary returned Friday.

Chas. Bennett who has been employed by the Cooley Bros. at the "Service Garage", left last week for Delia Alta, where he has accepted a position. Mrs. Bennett and family will join him later.

Mr. N. F. Marcy was chosen as delegate for the Chinook Social Credit group to attend the Convention.

Mr. A. Carlson was appointed delegate for the Coltholme district.

Miss Ethel Young who spent a three weeks vacation at Killam, Strome and Edmonton returned Saturday.

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Published by Mrs. M. C. Nicholson every Thursday afternoon from The Advance Building, Main Street, Chinook, Alberta, and entered in the postoffice as second class mail matter. The subscription rates to The Advance are \$1.50 per annum in Canada and \$2.00 outside of Canada. The transient advertising rates in The Advance are—display, 40c per inch for first week and 30c for each succeeding week, providing no change is made. For heavy composition an extra charge is made for first week. Reading notices, 10c per count in first week, 15c per count for each succeeding week, and 15c per count line for first week and 10c for each succeeding week. Cards of thanks, \$1.00.

Advertisements under this heading are charged at the rate of 50c for 25 words or less per week, with 10c for each additional 5 words. Three weeks for the price of two.

All letters addressed to the editor for insertion in The Advance, must be signed to show bona fides of the writer. Publication in all cases is subject to the judgment of the Publisher. We do not necessarily concur with views expressed.

[Continued from front page]

create real credit. Some people imagine credit will pay for something. Credit never has nor never will pay for anything. Credit has value in permitting a person to secure an advance against potential production of goods or services. All credit does is permit the person who has credit to get into debt against future production.

I have estimated the net production of \$157,015,824 in 1932 yielded about \$24,365,633 in retail prices, allowing distributing costs of 10% to wholesalers and 35% to retailers. I think I have over, rather than underestimated these prices. The total value of goods in 1932 for which the producer received 157 millions of dollars the consumers paid 254 millions. Take away from this the 151 millions for basic dividends and you have around 122 millions left, out of which we will have to pay for everything we own—taxes, debts and services etc. There are some items that might be added, there may be invisible balances and again there may not be. It is proposed to pay these dividends with non-negotiable certificates. Any credit instrument that functions as money doesn't pay for anything, but merely functions to transfer goods and services. They do not and cannot pay for anything because they have no intrinsic value. I want to demonstrate what is real money and what is not. This one cent piece a coin that will buy one cent of goods and is used commercially as a medium of exchange. This is real money. The gold coin is a commodity scarcer than the commodity in the one cent piece. It has a real and intrinsic value. It has a greater amount of labor in its formation than to extract it from the earth. A \$5 gold piece will buy and pay for \$5 worth of goods. Gold is scarcer and takes more labor to produce it. These coins do not always have the same value relationship to gold. Gold is a commodity. The price of gold is not fixed. Last session the price was set at \$35 per ounce of fine gold. This must be the price of gold in the relationship with gold. The people of Canada will benefit from the profit of revolution through the Bank of Canada. The gold I have seen have a real and intrinsic value. I have bills here. A \$1 and a \$5 bill. They are looked upon as money because by act of parliament we have declared them money. These things, although decreed by law as money will not buy goods and services. It costs less than one half cent to print a \$1 bill. How can a \$1 bill costing less than one half cent buy goods valued at \$1? It costs one and a half cents to print bank bills in denominations of \$5, \$10, \$20 and \$50. The difference in cost is found in difference in volume. Banks are restricted in the amount they can issue. Now credit instruments like these function as money having no intrinsic value and cannot pay for goods and services, they can only facilitate the exchange of goods and services. The bank note says the bank will pay to the bearer on demand the amount of the note. The government recognizes the fact that where an authority is permitted to put notes into circulation they get the value they put into circulation. Therefore it is stipulated under the Bank Act they redeem what they issue. The same principle applies to cheques—to money orders—to non-negotiable certificates. We ask our social credit friends how they are going to pay for the goods and services. The only way open to the provincial government is to tax the producer as this government does not create the value itself to redeem the non-negotiable certificates. It is a huge taxation scheme. They cannot slide step it; they cannot evade it. The certificates must be redeemed in goods. There is nothing else to redeem them with. In my judgment there is no hope of basic dividends unless the people are taxed the amount of the dividends. We have come to the time when the people must make up their minds to accept either a dictatorship or walk the path of liberty and economic freedom. If the objective of the Canadian people is a better standard of living, then the path of co-operation is before you. If we split our forces the way of the dictator is made easier. Don't let your strength be dissipated by mad schemes that can only run you into the mire. Preserve your unity, preserve your ideals. There is no one to save us but ourselves. We have great problems to meet in developing our ideals of the Co-operative Commonwealth. If we work in harmony, only if we have a vision of our ideals we shall eventually emerge victorious. We must work co-operatively together to remove the system which exploits the masses.